Mumbo Jumbo…
I Love You

Kewayne Wadley

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Credits

Special Thanks

FROM THE AUTHOR

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Movies often end too soon. Especially when it comes to our favorite parts. No matter if it's our first time watching, or we've seen them hundreds of times. Just when we get into them.

That's when the credits begin to roll.

A certain therapy our dreams long to be seated in attendance.

After all, one of the best feelings in the world is being there.

NOW SHOWING

(ALL MOVIES START @12:00PM/ LAST SHOWING BEGINS @ 10:00PM)

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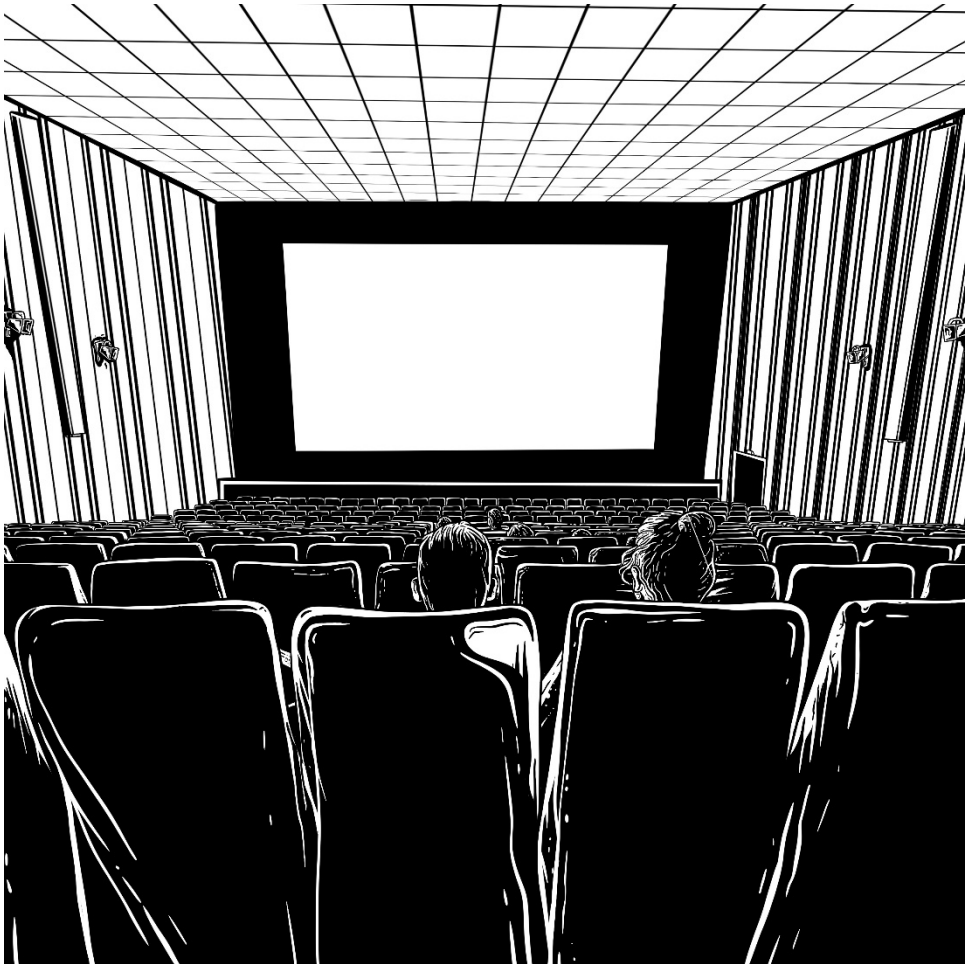


Nothing Left

I was a candle in search of love.
There I sat & I dreamed.
I wished to be held close
& adored.

Most nights I sat & wandered
in the dark.
I smelled that you were near
& began to sweat with anticipation,
Your index finger leading
The rest of your hand.

I was a candle in search of love.
My head on fire, my hair
Matted in flame.
Not once did I regret it
Not once did I panic.
The shadow my witness to the treaty
Signed by my sigh.

I'll drown in sweat before I make
A sound.
As bright as you need me to be.
I'll burn until there is nothing left
To burn

Can’t Sleep

I woke up in the middle of the night
Unable to fall back asleep.
I walked to the kitchen finding the sun
Hidden in a box.
I closed it and started to walk back to
The bedroom, turning around
Walking back to the kitchen.

I felt love before lust.
Not hungry but choosing to eat.
I ate until I was satisfied.
Sleep finding me moments after.
I had a taste for something sweet
Satisfying the dream I awoke from.
I salivated at the thought.
Washing away the evidence in case
You were awake.
I learned not to trust myself
Becoming indecisive of my reality.
Shadows eclipsed my face in the wake of the sun

My tongue orbiting closer.
Awake in what felt like a dream.

I felt a calm rush over me, biting into what I desired.
As if an older woman placed her hand on my back
Telling me that everything will be alright.
I ate until I was satisfied.
Snatching a napkin to wipe my mouth.
Awake in what felt like a dream.
Walking back to my bed.
Unable to sleep,
Hoping the dream that I've appeared in
Is one that you're dreaming of me

Tomorrow is Much too Far

You calm the lost boy in me
that roams around
in curiosity.
He looks and he stares
curious to who you are.
How you're able to do
the things
That you do.
The thought of going
home never crosses his
mind.
Past the sight
of bright streetlights
He knows he's somewhere safe.
He hopes that you can stay out
a bit longer before anyone realizes
that he hasn't come back yet.
His only reason to run
across the street.
You make him feel better about
The things he can't control.

The first and the last thing to cross
his mind.
Long as he's close to you
Everything is going to be ok.
I am going to be ok.
Tomorrow being too far away.
One of the many reasons I love
talking to you
You're never that far away
No matter where you are

Favorite Place to Hide

You're my favorite place to hide whether
intentionally or unintentionally;
A place my soul could grab a pillow & just lay.
A place that I've memorized every sound.
Every smell.
The goosebumps that hide beneath the
Paint on the wall.
It's become instinct to come here.
It reminds me of home, my favorite place to hide.
Where everything feels bigger than what it really is
Surrounded by the faint smell of perfume,
The closest I've ever felt to you.
I love it here as everything feels uninterrupted.
A place where time feels like it stopped
Where I can snuggle up with my thoughts of you
& sleep.
Rather it's the light that shines through when
You open your eyes or the dark that accompanies
Your lashes when they close.
This is my favorite place to hide.

The part of you that I wish to remain.
The only thing I dream no matter where I am at

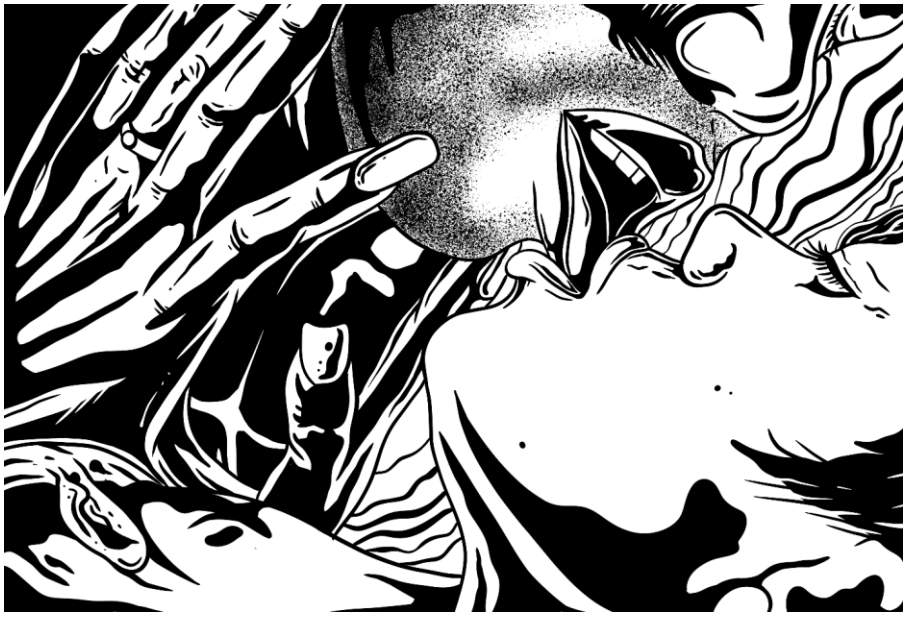
Nothing but Space

Before you
Nothing but space occupied
My mind.
Before you appeared,
I fell constantly with nothing
To cushion the fall.
Nothing to orbit.
Now I have a universe thanks to you.
It's safe to say that I was terrified
Not knowing which way was up
Or where I'd end up.
The way you shot into my life
The answer to a prayer comfortably
Slipping through my lips.
I breathe you,
Not knowing the consequence
To find that I am full of life.
Before you, nothing existed here
But space.
Now there is a universe
All thanks to you

Lost the Remote Again!?

You're always losing something
Beneath the covers in your bed.
For a moment I'd like to be the remote
That you cannot find.
The one that'll reach out &
Bite you if you turned around and looked.
If remotes could talk, I wonder what
They'd say.
If they'd express the same vulnerability.
Lost and confused of where your hand
disappeared to.
Most remotes travel in pairs,
There is always one that wanders off
By itself.
That would be the one I'd like to trade
Places with.
To hide in your warmth.
To be butt dialed in anticipation
If I am lucky.
The glimpse of your face when you realize
Where I was the whole time.

To melt in each and every one of the kisses
Your hand has to give.
You're always losing something
Beneath the covers in your bed.
For a moment I'd like to have my buttons
Pressed the way you do the remote



Apocalypse Her

Today while I was at work
Someone asked why I trust you
The way that I do.
Without thinking I replied that she is my
Intuition.
I know nothing except that without her
I am nothing.
She is the first pair of eyes I encounter
in a crowded place.
That comforting thought that falls out of suite
& breaks the ice of surrender,
The value that appears in the form of a smile
Without a single thought of danger.
Unless you're me
Then you'd have no idea.
Regardless of my idea of right.
She's the anticipation my breath chooses to run,
However well put together.
She corrects me when I am wrong.
The ball of fire the darkest part of me refers to
As apocalypse, in the form of a kiss.
This is why I trust you the way that I do

New Day

Her heart is a universe
That spirals and orbits my eyes.
I see it brightly
Whether it's day or night.
It twinkles in a special moment
Causing me to ignore previous
Chimes and notifications sent
Via text.
She hovers over me
& I drown in excitement,
Soaked in anticipation.
She lights the parts of me
I keep in the dark.
Her heart;
The sun that welcomes me
Into a new day

Barefoot in the Wind

Butterfly in a world of your own
What will you do? Where are you off
to today?
Floating in between cars, hitchhiking through dreams.
With miniature shades to block the
sun from your eyes.
Be careful to avoid the passing cars
That you may not see coming
& the children that chase you.
Coming this much closer to catching you,
in search
Of how bright you've made their day.
Butterfly in a world of its own.
Do you know the beauty you
possess?
Shopping for orange & yellow
dresses
That compliment your wings,
Barefoot in the wind.
Often forgetting where you put your
purse.
Effortless & utterly flawless.
Butterfly in a world of your own
I too hope that your day is as golden
As you are

Cat Things

How could I ever be mad at you.
You're a cat that does cat things.
With that cute little face.
One minute you crave love & affection.
The next you're off
on your own little mission.
Exploring bed side caves
Climbing the Mt. Everest of the tallest shelf I own.
Your tiny hands wild with anticipation,
Tingling down to your feet.
Applying yourself to the moment.
The rawest of liberation I've ever known.
If I ever moved your eyes
Would widen with curiosity.
If I ever looked behind me.
I know that you're not too far behind.
Shuffling your little tiny feet.
My living and breathing definition
of the best things that happen
often happen without plan.
Whenever I think that you're gone

you poke your head out just to let
me know that you're still there.
Most times when I wake up
I realize even more
That you're a cat that does cat things.
& I love you even more;
How peaceful everything becomes
When you lie there asleep.
It is in these moments
That I realize I needed you
More than you ever needed me

Nothing

There is a part of me
That wishes for nothing
Whenever I think about you
Whenever I am around you.
Although that may come off as crazy.
I sincerely hope that you
feel the same way.
This part of me wants to do nothing
As there is nothing it can do
Except be,
With the exception of being there
with you.
No matter what we do
No matter where it is that we go.
This part of me will always exist.
While other parts of me are
Alive and well.
This is the part of me that
Wants to reach out and grab you
The most & do absolutely
Nothing.

Mostly when I think about you
It can be categorized as nothing.
Nothing short of spectacular
Nothing out of the ordinary
Within the realm of extraordinary,
Except be there with you.
When you ask me what I am doing
I am doing nothing.
When you ask what are we going to do,
we're going to do nothing.
Because no matter where it is
That we go
Or whatever we decide to do
It is nothing short of spectacular.
Doing nothing with someone
That wants to do nothing with you

No Such Thing

You are the breeze
That creeps through the open
Window.
That moves the curtain
& brings in the sun.
No matter how far it moves
It always comes back
Patiently waiting.
Loose in the way you
Grab it.
A kiss that goes unseen
Soft & mellow.
Possessive with intent.
Continuous in the way the wrinkles
Iron themselves out.
To be dressed & wrapped in you
There is no such thing as sleep

Every time I Look at You

My wish
Is to become selfishly
In love with you.
With every thought & word
That we speak
They feel & grow like children.
Regardless of the bad days
The care and affection
That we have is so strong
That we never part from
Each other's presence.
Abandoning them to a world
Where we no longer know exist.
Even while mad.
Even by accident.
The only thing that matters
Is watching them grow
Until they are big & tall,
By then we'll both be old.
That is my wish,

That is what I see every time
I look at you

Don't Put Me Down

I've felt your fingers
When you touched my soul.
You knew exactly where to touch
Without a single glance.
You opened my pages
And read through the scars & tears
Even passed over books deserve
A place they can call home.
I am not perfect
My spine is out of alignment
& I misspell words,
But when I look into your eyes
For a split second.
My every thought is please,
Don't put me down.
I feel safe here within your grasp

Claw

Here I sit in the vending machine
Of your heart.
Any second the claw will inch
Closer towards me
And I won't know what to do
With myself.
I haven't known anything else.
But have often dreamed
Of that opening door
With ringing buzzers and alarms
To go off.
Hatching a scheme to escape
Has never crossed my mind.
Even if the machine is rigged.
I've lived on love alone.
I've memorized the reflection of
Your eyes.
& Inched a bit closer to the chute.
Beloved,
When I am in your arms

It'll all be worth it.
I've known nothing else

Angel and a Corona

She was free
The type of free I only dreamed
That I could be.
Free of obligation.
Free to live in first class
While sitting in coach.
I questioned what free really was
Celebrating the time I spent
Partying on her lips,
Exploring the breeze of her body.
Aware that I over packed my bag
All I really needed to do was
Show up.
At times the sky was so clear.
Other times it would get dark
And it would sound like a couch
Being moved, scraping across the
sky.
I believe God knew that somehow
She snuck out of heaven.
He just pretended he didn't know

Out of Place

I want to take a picture with you
but not just any picture.
If we should post it to social media
I want it to be a picture that everyone
Can hear.
Opposite of what anyone can see.
If I grab you & hold you close
The fabric should wrinkle
Between the embrace of my fingers.
The smell of your hair close to my
nose.
Every time we walk past this picture
Outside of the way I see you every day.
I want it to advertise the way I feel.
at this very moment.
No matter how you arrange your
things on the bathroom sink.
No matter how many times I knock them over
while reaching for my clippers
or wonder what happened.
to the thing I just sat there
I want to take a picture with you

That puts me back into place
If anything should fall out of place

Calculating, Rerouting

Love is a street that's been routed
& Rerouted through my GPS.
My soul wanders the street
In search of something to fulfill it.
The scent of something that smells
good, something extraordinary.
Something that normally you'd never stop to try.
Very few locals that frequent
Continue to walk past.
The convenient inconvenience of a pocket translator.
A metropolis filled with everything
That could be imagined,
Love is a side street unknown
To tourists and advised to stay
away from by various hotel receptionists.
Especially late hours of the night.
Buried in neon lights, you'll walk right past.
Drooping power lines. Rusty rails
On old fire escapes.
Most that find it stumble
On it by mistake.

Most that find it, seldomly
Come back.
Disappearing into the shape of an odd,
shaped shadow
down a narrow corridor,
Reappearing on the other side.
I want to go there
If my GPS ever stops rerouting.

Mayday! Mayday! Captain We're Going Down

Last night I took a short walk
Liquored in your embrace.
It felt like summer mixed with
ambrosia.
You poured me a glass filled with
Your lips;
Soft, sweet. A hint of rock candy
crackling across my tongue.
I felt the stars collide one by one
In my mouth.
I didn't want to drink too fast
But didn't want to waste the
moment.
This feeling too gorgeous to
become stagnant.
Open striped collared shirt, black
bra, firing off into the night.
This gorgeous feeling echoing
louder, becoming more handsy with

the controls.
Swerving left then right, lost in orbit.
Infatuation
Striking fast like lightening.
You refilled my glass,
The print of your lipstick
fuller than it was before.
I plopped down in your lap.
Of everywhere I could be
This truly is the only place I'd rather
be.
Held tight in your embrace
Staring back up at you.
The only way you'd listen
Marooned, with nowhere to go

Shelter in the Storm

With nowhere to go
I let you into my chest to shelter you
From the Storm.
To protect you from what may
To give of myself
As much as you need.
I fear that I too will become
Attached.
A moment of chaos,
A trash can flown in the wind.
The power lines whirl & twirl
Around an invisible fork
Fed into the ground,
With nowhere to go.
There is nothing to repay.
Nothing for you to offer of yourself.
No other duty to perform.
I let you in wholeheartedly
To protect you from the Storm.
At least until it passes.
You can warm yourself by the furnace

of infatuation.
& Shower beneath the Christmas
Of a hearty smile.
To wash away the dirt from
your feet

Gravity

I've never seen a star up close before
So I laid on the floor & imagined
What it would look like looking up at you.
I made a wish transcended of the glare
From the tv.
I made a wish to survive the tilt
of the atmosphere that hangs from the
hanger in the closet.
The craters that have turned to smiles.
I became a speck disappearing into the dark,
Not once did I think to breathe
Forever
In debt to the way gravity works.

90’s

You remind me of a place that feels
Like it was just yesterday.
I would’ve been in elementary school
Wishing time away, thinking that this is the way
Things would always be.
Given enough time I am sure everyone feels
This way.
Wrapped in timeless bliss of a memory
Not fully understanding the moment.
You remind me of what it means
To not have a care in the world.
The summers of my childhood vividly relived
In your every smile.
The best times of my life, Sunkissed
Outside playing a neighborhood over
From where I stayed.
No matter how old I get
You will always remind me of the best times
Of my life.
The reason I smile so hard when I think about them

Never Long Enough

I should've kissed you longer
Regardless of the second that's
Passed or the amount of courage
It takes to open up & kiss a
complete stranger.
Most times I don't remember my
Dreams or the things that take place
In them.
But if there is one thing I know
It is this.
I should've kissed you longer.

In a strange way I feel that it
Would've jotted my memory
In some form or fashion.
I would remember what you wore.
Perhaps what you smelled like.
The way you wore your hair
Or perhaps the way my fingers have
Gotten tangled in it.
Your lips the sweetest fruit

My dreams could harvest
Whilst eyes are open.

If I kissed you longer
I'd still search my dreams
For any clue that would lead me
Straight to you.
Regardless if I remember it or
Not.
I am not ashamed to say
Sometimes I just miss you.
The moment is never long
Enough

Fire Alarm

With everything that goes on throughout your day
The struggle that you go through at work
The calls that you get from family & friends,
The many different fires that require your attention.
You barely make time for yourself before its time
For you to wake up and do it all over again.
Not to mention the way that I make you feel at times.
With all of the things that happen throughout the day
By the time we do talk or get the chance to see each other
You're already tired or burned out.
It's easy to see why you're always on ten.
You may not think that I notice but I do.
I see everything that you do & while we may not
Have all of the time in the world.
For this moment, I want you to know that you are appreciated.
It's a possibility that you don't hear that enough,
Having the ability & courage to jump from fire to fire
Without so much as taking the time to consider the damage
You take in the process requiring nothing in return.

Before the next fire goes off & you're on your way.
I just want to thank you for being one of the bravest
Firefighters I've ever seen

Next Flight

Your love sweeter than wine
Without spine or stiffness in proportion
To the perfect airline.
You create a frenzy of red wave
Splashing into my mouth.
Everything I've come to adore.
Your love sweeter than wine
Foam bubbles fill my mouth & I stumble
Clothes soaked red.
How clumsy of me, how free of yourself
Missing my mouth,
staining myself everywhere you touch.
There is no turbulence in proportion to the perfect airline.
No more wishing that I was elsewhere
Or special accommodations needed.
With a love as sweet as wine
I've filled my glass as well as my mouth.
Soon this will be a story I tell someone
That's afraid to fly.
Soon I'll be boarding my next flight

Joy Ride

While there are many different feelings
In the world.
One of the most beautiful feelings
That you give to me is the gift of being allowed
To be in your space.
Not only that, but being allowed to do so
Again and again in genuine comfort.
When I first met you I didn't expect you
Just as I am sure that you didn't expect me.
With all the time that's passed,
I am glad to say that both of our expectations
Were wrong.
In euphoric bliss riding in the car
Both windows down.
One of the best feelings ever
Even if it's just a trip to the store

Comes to Mind

I wished upon a star
Because I didn't see you
When I looked up.
I looked at the rest of the stars
But none of them resembled you.
Not even the slightest.
Although not all wishes come true
I wished upon a star
In the hopes that you'd appear.
Last time we met
You told me that you had places
To be. More things to do
But couldn't imagine how soon
You'd leave.
Just because I can't see the sun
Right now doesn't mean
That it's not there.
More than anything,
When I look up I get a sense
Of hope
That makes me feel that anything

Is possible.
When I look up
You are the first thing that
Comes to mind.
& It warms my heart

Blankets in the Cupboard

At times we hide pieces
Of ourselves we don't deem
Worthy of affection.
In fear of being judged
We neatly fold them up
& Put them away until
We're sure it's ok to pull them
Back out.
Often times forgetting that
We've kept them hidden for so
Long.
In fear of being hurt.
Adding to the scars draped
Across our skin.
The scars only we know are there.
The insecurities we neatly tuck
Away in the cupboard
No one would think to look.
The parts of our body we cover.
Too afraid
To let our love see with the lights

On.
Whenever they get close
We lash out in rage.
Feeling that they went rambling
Question after question
Without our permission.
When in actuality
They hurt just as bad as you do.
Left out in the cold
Searching for that blanket
Of warmth, perhaps
You can both share
Unconditionally.
Nothing feels better than
Knowing that you can be yourself.

There is nothing wrong with
Decorative blankets.
But the best blankets are the ones
No one sees but yourself.

In this Party

In this party, my heart beats for you
A rhythm that only you & I can feel.
My eyes follow your every move
The only one that I see.

My hands ache to touch you
To hold you close and never let go.
The same rhythm that's reached out
& grabbed you by the hand
Not wanting to let go.

The music is loud, but my heart blasts louder
In celebration of how good you feel
wrapped in my arms
How you wind your waist & press
Your back against my jeans.
Whatever shyness that arrived,
tied to a balloon against the wall.

In this time that we've spent together
I've married you and used this same song
at our reception.

You've kissed me and set off over a million balloons
with nowhere to go.

In this party, you've lit up the room
as if it was meant for you
This party the beginning of something new,
A part of us I'll remember forever.
The beginning of you & I
In this party, my heart beats for you
And only you

No One Says a Thing

One of my favorite things
About you
Has to be when you smell
Like my cologne.
It doesn't matter if I'm laying
Between your legs when we're
Watching movies
Or popping up & surprising you a
few minutes after the last selfie you
send.
I happen to be in love with every
Part of you that I've met so far.
It's moments like this
When nothing else needs to be said.
Sort of like the thrill of having sex
Somewhere you know we'll be caught.
The energy is there
So are we, but no one says a thing
It's all over our face

Roll Your Eyes

I've undressed you
With my tongue & fallen
In love with what I found.
Slow kissing your personality
The back of your neck in the grasp
Of my hand.
I've pushed you against the wall
Of desire
& Sucked your tongue
Out of its hiding place.
The highs and lows of your moan
Like music to my ears.
My hands & my clothes smell just
like you.
Your arms gripped tight above
Your head.
I've grown sloppy with my kisses.
Impatient to an answer I already
know.
No matter how many times you
Roll your eyes.

You always smile right after.
Every single time

Shower with Me

Come and shower with me
Just you, I, and the water to rinse us clean.
I ask versus imposing on you
Or inviting myself to a time where
You can just be.
Whether it's a buildup of the things
That I carry, or a buildup of things
That you carry.
Together we can both rinse them clean.
I'd like you to come & shower with me.
To reveal a part of myself no one else
Knows exists.
I want to share with you foam beards
And badly sung songs.
To include you in my favorite place
To think.
You shouldn't worry if there is enough
Room for both of us.
That's kind of the point
You being this close to me.
If that truly is the case
Then everywhere I turn

You'll be there.
My favorite person to bump into,
Well naturally, the only bad thing
That could happen is if we both reach
For the soap at the same time
& bump our heads.
Until then, I offer to wash your hair,
Assist in washing your back and in exchange
You get a front row seat
To how horrible I can really sing.
I'd probably rather sit on the couch too
Or wait until I was done,
But I'd rather you be here with me
To pass the soap to and sing back up

Feels Real

Some of the best songs in the world
Are often missed the first time around.
Nothing changes
Accept the amount of time you have
To spend catching up with all
The lost time.
Depending on when you find it.
Depending on what's going on.
A chance to feel deep,
A connection tied to your hips
& feet.
No matter what's going on
Or who happens to be around.
The years go by, and you have no idea
What you've missed out on.
Pushed further away, hidden farther from reach.
Some of the best songs in the world
Are often missed the first time around.
Nothing changes accept the date.
Of all things,
I am glad that we both
had the same taste in music.

Of all things,
Something that genuinely feels real
& equates into something we both
Can call music

Soap in the Eyes

I invited you into the shower
Letting all the ways that I think about you
Fall over us.
I didn't care if soap got in my eyes.
There are far worse stings in life.
Sculpting your body in soap suds
Essentially tracing
My true desire.
The way I breathe, faster than my heartbeat.
Technically we could live the rest.
Of our lives here in this moment.
My hands tangled in your hair.
Your lips resuscitating mine standing upright,
Supporting the way, we lean against each other.
We save more than water this way.
Our arms the preserver that keeps us afloat
If our legs should get tired.
The last thing I am worried about is the sting.
Of scented soap getting into my eyes.

Chocolate Patisserie

I refuse to leave, regardless the threat
Of utter embarrassment.
I too shed my clothes in desire.
The thought of flakey crust,
Molten chocolate kiss.
I've waited my place in line
And will not be denied by the naysayers
Of chocolate covered lips.
I've exchanged miniature trees
For a taste of life,
Soft & open
Free to breathe.
I love the way that she tastes,
The way that she feels against my lips.
I've splurged my heart in this recherche'
Taste again and again.
My lips will march a thousand and one
By and large steps,
& a million more for all general purpose.
I refuse to leave, regardless the threat
Of utter embarrassment.
No matter how simple the question

Or crazy the stare.
I will not step to the side peacefully
And will gladly proclaim this love loudly.
The many miles I've danced on flakey crust
The countless times I've celebrated the eruption
of molten chocolate spewed from her tongue.
I won't settle for anything less.
From Starbucks to Paris France,
I'll gladly take all that you have

The Way that She Kisses

I discovered a new world
In the way that she kisses.
I am unsure of the history
Of this land or if I can find
my way back.
She grabbed me by the
heart & we both ran quickly.
We ran as far as the eye could see.
I checked my pockets for quixotic
expenditures.
Lavish things to see while we're away.
No longer breathing
through my nose
but fighting her lips for air,
A fight I didn't mind losing.
Being lost in a place as
beautiful as this.
My hands finding their way
Around her hips,
Lost in the waist of her jeggings.
an adventure of
their own as the sun melts

over our head.
I discovered a new world
In the way that she kisses.
A moment of solitude & her,
A place I hope to never return from
My tongue the pen to mark
This day on the history her lips
& heart.
Regardless of historic landmarks
I'll always find my way back

Closer than they Appear

If you bring the wine, I'll cook a pasta
That stretches from here to the closest
Star we look up & see.
We'll whirl our forks around the milky way
& the planet of meatballs soon to orbit our stomachs.
When the sun goes down
be here around 8:15pm
my lips will greet you with the first kiss of the night
on the balcony of a wood spoon.
Everything will be stellar in terms of
How bright your lip gloss will spread against
The moisture of my lips.
Before you come be sure to pick up
A bottle of wine,
To compliment how good everything tastes.
Our tongues will stargaze into each other's mouths.
Our saliva the pasta sauce that drenches
Our taste buds.
Until nothing is left

Nothing Wrong with Fast Food Buut

I love the way I feel when I am
Around you.
You fill my stomach with crisp edges
Not everyone can make.
Since meeting you
There isn't a day that goes by where I don't
Think about the last thing I've eaten.
I am excited to hear about your day &
All the things that have taken place.
These are the morsels of food that
I wrap in a napkin and take with me
Everywhere that I go, bacon included.
Although there is nothing wrong with fast food,
This by far is way healthier.
Your voice my favorite syrup
to cover my pancakes.
Your name my favorite thing
to lick off my fingers

Kneel in front of You

I'll be back in the morning
To watch the sun glisten off
Of the ring of your eye.
As beautiful as it is.
I cannot go to any store and buy you one
As beautiful as the one you already possess.
Instead, I kneel in front of you
& tell you just how much of an impact
You've made in my life.
I've never seen anything as bright as you.
Never felt anything as warm.
I don't know what bored is around you,
There is no such thing as tired.
Your hair the flower bearer walking down
The aisle of a place we've decided as home.
Flying left then right.
Soon it is night & I cannot wait
To return in the morning to watch the light
Shine off your eyes.
My soul dances at the sight of you,
Free spirted without a care in the world.
It's hard to see myself anywhere else

Then here.
Here in the home of your heart
Here to be the first thing I see
When I open my eyes.
Here the rest of my life

Everything is Alright

Her kiss better than the vinyl that covers
The boards outside. There's no better feeling
Then waking up being home.
Inside of a bed that craves you just as much
As you crave it.
No matter how hard the wind blows
I know that I am safe.
The creak of her laugh, the wooden floors
Dressed in carpet down the hall.
When I am away, the thought of going home
Is constant.
The thought of a warm shower & a hot meal
Served from the plate of her lips.
The scrape of knife & fork coming together
To fill the gap of silence with my best friend,
My safe place, my home.
There's no better feeling than waking up
Inside of you than to roll myself up in the sheets
Of your heart & know that everything is alright

InTo OrbIt

Tonight, there will be no anxiety
As the stars appear as goosebumps
across the sky.
Soon it'll be time to say goodbye.
Goodbye to everything we couldn't say before
Everything that seems to come out
When you're not around.
I don't want to go if you're not here
To experience it with me.
Grab my hand
& I'll lead you into orbit.
Where my eyes see more than just how you look.
Past the stratosphere where our rocket
Has pierced & taken off.
If you get scared hold me tighter
I don't plan on leaving your side.
The angels skip stones across the sky
Rippling to another reality.
A side of us that we've yet to experience.
I don't want to go
if you're not here to experience it with me.
To connect & understand on a different level

To discover & discipline ourselves in faith
Tested without parachutes
Or the safety of ground control.
Just past the stratosphere where our rocket has pierced
& taken off.
Grab my hand & come with me.
Tonight, there will be no anxiety
as I don't plan on leaving your side.
Tonight, we'll say
Goodbye to everything we couldn't say before
I don't want to experience a thing
Without you

Any Other Way

You drive me crazy
You drive me every way
except right.
You speed through red lights,
You snatch on my steering wheel
& stop at the oddest times.
Most times I prefer you stay
in for the night
Or at least as far away from the
Wheel as possible.
Whenever I fill up the tank
You drive it all back out.
Sometimes I don't know
what I am going to do with
you.
For the most part,
I go along for some of the most
beautiful rides I've ever been on.
If you'd get out right now, I'd
miss you sorely.
I kind of like how crazy you
drive.

There's no fun in driving slow,
you can't take my breath that way.
But you can with the way you
grab the top of the steering
wheel with your left hand &
press your foot into the gas.
My arm hanging out the car window.
Streaks of orange cigarette tips
Circling the ashtray in the sky.
Whenever I fill up the tank
You drive it all back out.
Sometimes you drive me
Absolutely crazy
& I wouldn't have it any
other way

After all, one of the best feelings in the world is being there. No matter where you're at. No matter if you're young or old.
The other alternative. Bite size memories we carry with us everywhere we go.

To celebrate the audience of emotions
That talk amongst themselves. Engaged in everything that takes place in the present, future, as well as past.
There will always be time to catch back up on everything we missed.
Our taste buds covered in syrupy sweetness, a hint of buttery salt.
Sooner or later, we all return here for one reason or another.

Whether it can be labeled as love, or if it comes out as "Mumbo Jumbo."

One of the best feelings in the world is being there.

Credits

Author	.....	Kewayne Wadley
Editor	.....	Alice Branch
Illustrator/ Cover	.....	Cammry Lapka
Illustrator	.....	Andre Afrielian
Illustrator	.....	Veronica Polonskaya

Special Thanks

Mariam

Yaya Diamond & The Dream Chasers

That One Couple that walked in twenty minutes late

Cammry Lapka Andre Afrielian

Veronica Polonskaya Alice Branch

Those little mini cinnamon donuts

That One Guy who always Coughs during the movie

Vandra Dorsey

To Ticket Takers. Lobby Attendants, Concession Attendants,

Theatre Crew & Cast Members Everywhere. Thank You!!

Katrina Rena Mary Morrow

Carolyn Harden Angelia & Van Harris

Terry & Ruby Mills Patez & Freda Strickland

Tonda Mitchell Taylor Simpson

Shannon Harrold Brion Broyles

Gerry Bowers Simbra Atkins

Jamaal Ethridge Nicole Wadley

Tevin Wadley Shyde Heller

Maurice Harris Jonathan Hurley

Zari Wadley Chad Mckinnie

Randa Wilburn (Saw Art) Robert Williams

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Charlette Sheppard Johnnie & Linda Clark

Roderick & Danita Waiters Tierra Reed

Samantha & Kimberly Cody Brian & Catrina Travers

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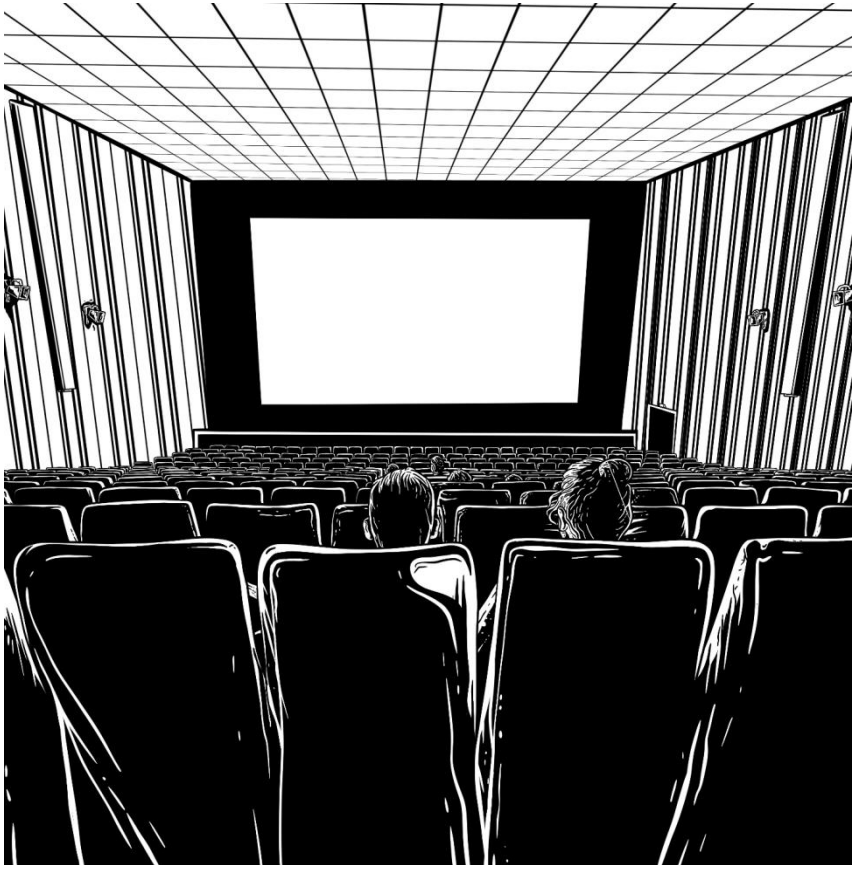

FROM THE AUTHOR

Thank you for your support. If you enjoyed this and you believe it can be a benefit or inspiration to others, an honest review on Amazon (or wherever book retailer you purchased this from) would be greatly appreciated to spread the word about this book.

If you would like to keep in touch with me on social media, below are my Instagram, Facebook, and Poem Hunter handles. I'll be looking forward to connecting with you.

Instagram handle: @PoeticBlues1
Facebook: @Romero Amour
Poem Hunter: @Kewayne Wadley
Thank you for your support!
Warmest thoughts.

Namaste,
Peace & Blessings
Kewayne Wadley

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kewayne Wadley (1987) is a Memphis-based poetic storyteller whose mission is to spread love and inspiration through the power of words. Breathing his first human breath in Connecticut, he wound up spending most of his childhood days in the Deep South and much farther south: Central America. Distinctly amorous lines infused with sultry overtones, Kewayne's poetry paints vivid pictures of whirlwind romances and loves as unshaken as placid lakes. The unwavering support of his loved ones, especially his grandmother, is what drives him the most. His innate ability to see life through an unconventional lens can be witnessed in his innovative approach to his craft.

Throughout his writing career, Kewayne's poems have been featured in an array of anthologies and zines, including but not limited to Collected Whispers (2006), For This Cause Writers Unite (2012), The Poetic Bond IX (2019), Porter Gulch Review: 36th Edition (2020), and Who's Who in American Poetry (2021). He also was recently crowned the 3rd Place Winner for his haiku "Full of Posies" (Dreamers Magazine, 2022) and received

Honorable Mention for “Love Sometimes” (The Poetic Bond X). His most recent accomplishment would include his self-publishing effort “The Memorandum: An Ode to the Workplace or something like that short stories & poetry about the workplace.” & “Late Nights on Venus." Coming soon from Book Leaf Pubishing